

"No, no, no! I don't have time to waste," I muttered, shaking off the shock gripping me. My legs tensed, ready to bolt.

I glanced at Ms. Ruvana, standing there amidst the chaos. "Please, keep her safe," I urged, barely looking back. "I have to let Ahnaf know before he does something drastic."

The rain was relentless, hammering down like the heavens themselves were mourning. Thunder growled in the distance, a low, menacing warning of the storm to come. I took off.

The wind slapped against me as I picked up speed. The wet ground blurred beneath my feet, my steps pounding in sync with the thunder above. As I pushed myself faster, the rain began to fade, and the scent of smoke clawed its way into my lungs.



The city.

It was chaos. Flames consumed what little remained of the buildings. The rain hadn't reached here yet, leaving the fire to devour everything unchecked. Bodies lay scattered-some lifeless, others writhing in pain. Screams echoed around me, raw and desperate, but I couldn't stop. Not now.

I darted through the wreckage, my body moving on instinct. Each building I passed blurred into the next as I pushed past Mach 3. My focus was razor-sharp, my heart pounding like a drum.

But I wasn't just running. As I went, I did what I could—grabbing someone trapped under rubble and moving them to safety, snatching a child from the edge of a collapsing roof, dousing flames by kicking through hydrants. I didn't pause. I couldn't afford to pause.

Because ahead, I could see him.

Ahnaf.

His silhouette was unmistakable, even against the burning backdrop of the city. He moved with terrifying precision, jumping from building to building with raw, unrelenting force. Each leap left a crater behind, the rooftops cracking under the sheer power of his legs.

The sight made my chest tighten.

The man in front of me wasn't the Ahnaf I knew.

This was someone driven by something primal—something uncontrollable. I could feel his rage in the air, heavy and suffocating. Each time he landed, the ground seemed to recoil, as if even the city itself was bracing against him.

I pushed myself harder, the world around me blurring into streaks of fire and shadow. The heat from the flames singed my skin, the air itself burning in my lungs. None of it mattered.

I had to reach him.

"Ahnaf!" I shouted, my voice barely cutting through the cacophony of destruction.

He didn't stop.

And I kept running.

As I closed the distance between us, I dug deep, channeling every ounce of speed I had. The ground beneath my feet cracked with the force of my push-off, and I launched myself into the air like a bullet.

The world slowed for a split second as I soared toward him. The stormy night, the flames, the destruction—all of it blurred as I collided with him mid-air. My arms wrapped tightly around his torso, locking him in place.

"Got you!" I growled, gripping him with everything I had.

Ahnaf twisted in my hold, his muscles tensing like coiled steel.

"What?! Eric! Damn it, leave me!" His voice was raw, filled with fury and grief.

We tumbled together, spinning uncontrollably through the air. The weight of his strength threw off our trajectory, and we plummeted back toward the ground.

The impact was brutal.

We hit the earth at a speed that carved a deep trench through the road, tearing through asphalt and concrete as if it were paper. The ground quaked beneath us, sending debris flying in every direction. Buildings trembled from the force, windows shattering like fragile glass.

I held on as long as I could, but then Ahnaf roared, his strength surging.

He shoved me off with a force I'd never felt before.

It was like being hit by a freight train.

I flew backward, my body slamming into the side of a nearby building. The wall crumbled under the impact, bricks and concrete shattering around me as I crashed through it. My back screamed in pain, and my vision blurred as I slid down the rubble, gasping for air.

"Agghhh! Fuck!" I hissed, clutching my side. The pain was sharp, radiating through every nerve in my body.

I struggled to pull myself up, the world spinning around me. Dust filled the air, and the ringing in my ears drowned out everything else.

But through it all, I could still see him.

I knew I couldn't stop.

Every muscle in my body ached, every nerve screamed at me to stand down, but I couldn't let him destroy himself-and everything else-with his rage.

I pushed off the rubble, forcing my legs to move. Pain stabbed through me with every step, but I gritted my teeth and ignored it. I went speeding toward him again, the ground cracking beneath my feet as I gained momentum.

He sensed me.

Ahnaf turned his head sharply, his eyes locking onto mine. For a moment, I thought I saw something-recognition, hesitation, maybe even the man I once knew. But it was gone as quickly as it appeared, replaced by the storm raging within him.



I closed the gap in an instant, moving straight toward him.

When I was close enough, I leaned in, my voice low but desperate as I spoke into his ear.

"She is alive!"

I didn't get the chance to finish.

Ahnaf didn't even hesitate. His fist came at me like a cannonball, the air around it cracking with the force of his swing.

I barely managed to dodge, twisting my body at the last possible second. Even with my speed, I felt the wind of his punch graze past me, and the shockwave from his strike shattered a nearby lamppost into pieces.

I stumbled back, skidding to a stop a few feet away, my heart pounding like a drum. And then I knew. This fight wasn't just likely. It was inevitable.

Ahnaf's fists clenched tighter, his entire frame trembling with unrestrained fury. His eyes burned, a primal rage consuming him from the inside out.

Ahnaf: "Don't you dare! Don't you DARE try to stop me!"

I steadied myself, my breath heavy as I locked eyes with him. He wasn't just grieving—he was fighting everything. Fighting himself, fighting the world, and now, fighting me.

But I wasn't going to back down. Not now. Not ever.

"Fine," I muttered, shaking the dust off my arms and squaring my stance. My heart pounded as adrenaline surged through me. "If that's what it takes... let's do this."

And with that, we both moved.

The fight had begun.

The air around us was charged, heavy with tension, and the destruction of the city loomed in the background as we squared off. I stood ready, heart pounding, every fiber of my being telling me that this wasn't just a fight—it was a battle to save the man I knew from the monster he'd become.

Ahnaf clenched his fists, the ground beneath him cracking with every step he took toward me. His sheer size and presence were overwhelming, his muscles taut with raw power.

Ahnaf: "I told you to leave me alone, Eric!"

He roared, his voice echoing like a thunderclap. Then he charged, the ground quaking beneath his massive strides.

I darted forward, my legs moving faster than sound, the world slowing around me. To him, I was probably nothing more than a blur-a streak of lightning weaving through the debris.

As he swung his massive fist down, I sidestepped at the last moment, the shockwave from his punch obliterating the street where I'd just stood.

"Missed me," I muttered, using the momentum to dash around him.

I launched my *Flash Strike*, a kinetic-powered punch aimed at his ribcage. My fist connected with a thunderous *crack*, the impact sending a shockwave rippling outward and making him stagger slightly. But to my horror, he barely flinched.

Ahnaf swung again, this time a wide arc with both arms. I ducked, rolled, and sprang back into action, my body moving instinctively.

I activated *Speed Mirage*, my form splitting into a dozen afterimages that encircled him. I moved so fast that my duplicates blurred around him like ghosts.

Ahnaf: "Stop running, coward!"

He roared, slamming his fists into the ground, sending shards of concrete and debris flying in every direction. I zipped through the chaos, avoiding the jagged rubble with precision.

As he lunged at one of my afterimages, I struck again, this time unleashing a *Kinetic Burst* with a kick to his side. The burst of energy sent him skidding back several feet, his feet carving trenches in the ground.

"Stay down, Dude!" I yelled, my chest heaving as I tried to reason with him.

Ahnaf snarled, his eyes filled with unrelenting fury. "Not until I've torn it all apart!"

He grabbed a chunk of rubble and hurled it at me with the force of a cannonball. I dashed to the side, narrowly avoiding the projectile as it smashed into a building behind me.

I had no choice but to up the ante.

I spun rapidly, generating a powerful vortex with *Cyclone Spin*. The winds howled as the vortex lifted debris and forced him to shield his face.

"Let it go, Ahnaf!" I shouted, using the momentary distraction to charge up my next move.

But before I could execute it, he roared and leapt through the vortex, his raw power breaking through my attack. He caught me mid-spin, his massive hand gripping my arm like a vice.

Ahnaf: "Enough of your tricks!"

He slammed me into the ground with a force that knocked the air from my lungs. The pavement cracked beneath me as pain shot through my body.

I gasped, rolling away just as his fist came crashing down, obliterating the spot where I'd been.

Pushing through the pain, I activated *Lightning Dash*, accelerating to my maximum speed. I became a streak of motion, circling him and delivering a rapid series of blows with *Rapid Flurry*. Each strike was infused with kinetic energy, battering him from all sides.

But he stood firm, his hulking frame absorbing the hits like a tank.

Finally, he roared and slammed his fists together, creating a shockwave that sent me flying backward. I tumbled through the air, crashing into the side of a building with enough force to shatter the wall.

I groaned, pulling myself up as he advanced, his silhouette looming larger with each step.

My mind raced. I couldn't beat him with strength alone. I had to outthink him.

As he closed in, I pushed myself forward, my body a blur once more. This time, I didn't aim for his body. I darted behind him, then zipped in front, using my speed to keep him off balance.

I leaned in close, shouting over the chaos.

"She's alive, Ahnaf!"

His movements faltered for a split second. His rage flickered, replaced by confusion.

But it was all the opening I needed.

I gathered all the kinetic energy I had, channeling it into my fists.

"Forgive me for this," I muttered.



I launched my most devastating move—a *Kinetic Burst* directly at his chest. The impact created an explosion of energy that sent him flying, his massive form crashing into the wreckage of a nearby building.

I stood there, panting, my body aching from the strain.

"Stay down, Brother," I said, my voice hoarse.

But as the dust settled, I saw him rise again, his body bruised but unyielding. His eyes burned with a renewed intensity.

The rain started to fall, heavy droplets striking the rubble around us, washing away the ash and grime but failing to cleanse the weight of the destruction. Thunder rumbled in the distance, underscoring the tension between us. Ahnaf stood in the middle of the chaos, his chest heaving, fists clenched. His lean frame, soaked from the downpour, was trembling-not from the cold but from the storm raging inside him.

Ahnaf: "Who is alive?!" His voice boomed, cutting through the storm like a blade.

I wiped the rain from my face, taking a cautious step toward him. My body still ached from the impact of our earlier clash, but I forced myself to stand tall.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you, dude! Your mom is alive!"

Ahnaf froze. The fury in his eyes wavered, replaced by something softer-something fragile. His lips parted slightly, as if the words caught in his throat.

Ahnaf: "Mom... But Kelly..." His voice cracked, and the storm outside seemed to pale in comparison to the turmoil raging within him.

The rain fell harder, soaking us both as silence lingered for a moment. I took another step forward, cautiously closing the distance between us.

"I know she's gone, man. I know it hurts more than anything. But you've got to get a grip on yourself."

Ahnaf shook his head violently, his hands gripping his head as if trying to block out the truth.

Ahnaf: "Don't you dare tell me to calm down! You think you understand what this feels like?!"

I clenched my jaw, holding back the urge to snap back at him. "You're right. I don't know exactly what you're feeling. But I do know what it's like to lose people you care about. And I know this isn't you, Ahnaf!"

Ahnaf: "This city is gone, Eric! Look at it! They're all gone! Kelly's gone! What's the point anymore?!"

His voice cracked again, and I could see tears mixing with the rain on his face. This wasn't just anger-it was grief, raw and unfiltered.

"The point," I said, my voice firm but not unkind, "is that there are still people who need you. You think Kelly would've wanted this? You think she'd want you to tear yourself apart like this?"

He turned his back to me, his shoulders slumping under the weight of my words. The rain poured down, the only sound besides the distant thunder.

Ahnaf: "I don't know... I don't know anything anymore."

"Then let me remind you." I took a deep breath, stepping closer until I was standing right behind him. "This destruction? We don't even know who caused it or why it happened. All we know is that it did. And right now, you're projecting your anger onto the world like it's going to fix something. But it won't. It never will."

Ahnaf turned slightly, his eyes narrowing at me.

Ahnaf: "And what would you have me do, huh? Just stand by? Act like everything's fine?!"

"No," I shot back, my voice rising slightly. "I'm saying stop for a second and think. Look at what you're doing! You're not fixing anything. You're just making things worse for everyone who's left."

His jaw tightened, but I could see the cracks forming in his resolve.

"Your mom's alive, Ahnaf," I continued, my voice softer now. "She's alive. And she's probably scared, wondering where her son is. Are you really going to let her lose you too?"

Ahnaf's fists loosened slightly, his breathing slowing.

Ahnaf: "But Kelly... She's....."

The pain in his voice was almost unbearable to hear. I placed a hand on his shoulder, ignoring the tension in his body as I spoke.

"I know. And I'm sorry. But you're still here, Ahnaf. And you're still needed. You've got to let this go-for her. For your mom. For everyone who's counting on you."

He turned to face me fully now, his eyes searching mine. The rage that had consumed him moments ago seemed to dim, replaced by an overwhelming sorrow.

Ahnaf: "I... I don't know if I can."

"You can," I said firmly. "You're the strongest guy I know-not just physically but in here too." I tapped my chest. "Kelly believed in you. I believe in you. But you've got to believe in yourself."

The rain continued to pour, washing away the blood and dirt on his face as his head dipped. For a moment, it looked like he might collapse under the weight of his emotions. Then, slowly, he straightened up, his shoulders still heavy but no longer trembling.

Ahnaf: "You really think I can fix this?"



I nodded. "I don't think-you can. But first, you've got to stop fighting yourself. The world's already tough enough without you tearing yourself apart too."

He stared at me for a long moment, the storm outside quieting ever so slightly. Finally, he exhaled, a long, shuddering breath that seemed to release some of the weight he'd been carrying.

The city was still in ruins, smoke rising from the wreckage as the distant rumble of thunder echoed ominously. And then, through the haze, we saw

him. Khan. His hulking form was unmistakable, marching toward Leeds Docks with the kind of confidence only someone like him could possess.

Me: "He's here."

Ahnaf's eyes locked onto the figure, the rage in them building as he clenched his fists, his jaw tight with determination.

Ahnaf: "I bet he caused this!"

The weight of the situation wasn't lost on either of us. The destruction, the devastation-Khan's arrival only meant one thing: it wasn't over. I could feel the urgency in the air, the tension thick enough to taste.

Me: "I would go, but-"

Ahnaf: "I know... Save the people. I'll take on Khan. Besides..."

Without saying another word, Ahnaf stepped back, his jacket flicking away to reveal the glowing Nexus Charged crystals tucked under his inner coat. The light from them pulsed, the energy surging with immense power.

Ahnaf: "I still have these! Leonis said this was the only way, right?"

I nodded quickly, my eyes scanning the situation. His power was formidable, and with those crystals, he could hold his own against Khan, maybe even turn the tide.

Me: "Yes, you're correct! You've got what you need, Ahnaf. But don't let your emotions cloud your judgment. Focus on the fight."

Ahnaf's lips curled into a determined, grim smile, and I saw the shift in his posture-the complete resolve to end this once and for all. His shoulders squared, and his fists clenched with a pressure that almost seemed to vibrate the air around him.

Ahnaf: "Then let's do this, Blur... You go save the civilians, and I'll stop Khan."

The intensity in his voice was like a thunderclap. I could tell he was fired up, but I could also sense the anger swirling beneath the surface, threatening to erupt if he wasn't careful.

I reached out, placing a hand on his shoulder for a moment, trying to ground him with a steady touch.

Me: "Be careful, Immortal. Don't let your emotions take over. You can't beat Khan by rushing in blindly."

Ahnaf: "I'll be fine, Eric. I know what I'm doing. Just... don't take too long."



The words stung with finality, and before I could say anything more, he was already moving. He gathered his strength, crouching low, and with a single, explosive leap, he launched himself toward Leeds Docks. His figure cut

through the air like a bullet, leaving a trail of debris in his wake as he closed in on Khan. The storm above raged as if mirroring the battle that was about to unfold.

I stood there, watching him disappear into the distance, the weight of what he was about to face heavy in my chest. But there was no time to dwell. People were in danger, and they needed me now.

Me: "Hang on, everyone. I'm coming."

The Docks

Khan stands at the edge of the river, his back turned, eyes fixed on the churning water before him. The rain is starting to fall, light at first but gradually picking up. It hits the ground in steady beats, washing over the remains of the fire that had burned across the docks. The flames flicker and fade, smothered by the growing downpour. The only sound left is the steady rhythm of the rain and the distant rumble of the storm. Khan doesn't flinch, his figure imposing as he watches the water, unmoved by the chaos around him.



Khan: "So you have come."

A sudden, bone-shaking crack rips through the stillness. The ground trembles, and with a roar of displaced air, Ahnaf descends from the sky. His landing is catastrophic, sending dust and debris flying as his code breaker state surges to life, energy crackling around his form. His body ripples with strength, every muscle tensed to its absolute peak, a visible aura of power radiating from him.

Ahnaf: "I have one request!"

Khan doesn't turn immediately, as if taking his time to acknowledge the challenge. He remains standing there, facing the river, his presence unyielding. The calm of his stance contrasts sharply with Ahnaf's explosive arrival, but there's no mistaking the intensity in the air now. The rain beats down harder, the storm above reflecting the storm brewing between them.

Ahnaf steps forward, his fists clenching at his sides, every inch of him vibrating with the force of the power within. He doesn't hesitate.

Ahnaf: "The city has seen enough destruction as it is. Lets keep this fight here."

Khan turns his head slowly, his lips curling into a half-smile, a glint of amusement in his eyes. He takes in the sight of Ahnaf, his posture relaxed but still exuding that sense of dominance.

Khan: "You are not ready for this fight. But so be it."

Ahnaf: "I've been ready for this since last month!"



Khan: "Still not enough."

Ahnaf's entire body shakes with fury, his power crackling through the air like lightning. His muscles bulge as he pushes himself forward, the ground beneath him groaning from the sheer force of his steps. He's not holding back—every ounce of his rage is channeled into his next attack. His fists come swinging down toward Khan with the force of a wrecking ball, aiming for the cold, indifferent figure before him.

Khan remains unmoving, watching Ahnaf with the dispassionate gaze of a man who has already won in his mind. As Ahnaf's fist closes in, Khan raises a single arm, effortlessly deflecting it with a sharp motion. The force of the blow sends Ahnaf crashing into a nearby shipping container, the metal groaning and buckling as it crumples under his weight.

Ahnaf grits his teeth, his fury only growing with each failed strike. He springs back to his feet, his body glowing with energy as he closes the distance between them, charging again. His fists are now moving faster, with raw power that shakes the air.

But Khan is unbothered. With a fluid twist, Khan intercepts Ahnaf's attack, sending him sprawling through a row of stacked crates. The wooden boxes splinter and shatter on impact, the sound of breaking wood filling the air. Ahnaf stumbles to his feet, but there's no hesitation in his movements-he charges again, this time aiming a devastating punch toward Khan's jaw.

Khan tilts his head slightly, sidestepping the punch with ease. Then, without breaking his calm, he extends a foot, planting it firmly against Ahnaf's chest. In one smooth motion, he propels Ahnaf backward, slamming him into a metal support beam. The metal groans under the impact, but Khan stands unphased, his eyes never leaving his opponent.

Khan: "Is this truly all you have?"

Ahnaf's body trembles with rage, but he doesn't stop. He launches himself forward once more, throwing his entire weight into his next strike. His fist connects with a nearby crane, sending it rattling with force. The heavy machinery creaks, and Ahnaf's punch leaves a deep dent in the metal, but Khan is already moving. He raises his arm, effortlessly batting Ahnaf aside, sending him hurtling into a stack of metal barrels.

The rain falls harder, the sound of the storm almost drowned out by the violence of their battle. Ahnaf struggles to his feet again, his body battered but not broken. He growls through gritted teeth, glaring at Khan, determined to keep fighting despite the clear difference in their power.

Ahnaf: "You think you've won?"

Ahnaf's body trembles, his wound already healing at an astonishing rate. His skin knits back together like broken glass, his pulse pounding with raw energy as the code breaker state continues to surge through him.

Ahnaf: "But you have not!"

He roars as the pain subsides, his body rapidly mending itself. He stands up tall again, his muscles bulging with explosive strength. His chest rises and falls with each labored breath, but his eyes burn with the fury of a man who refuses to surrender.

Ahnaf: "Because-"

Before he can finish his sentence, Khan moves like a shadow, closing the distance in the blink of an eye. Without warning, Khan grabs Ahnaf by the neck, his hand like a vice, and with a vicious jerk, he lifts him off the ground. Ahnaf's feet dangle, his throat tightening under the pressure, but his eyes flash with rage.

In a brutal motion, Khan thrashes Ahnaf through the air, slamming his body down onto the cracked pavement. The sound of concrete splintering beneath his back is drowned out by the crushing weight of the impact. For a moment, Ahnaf's vision blurs. His mind screams, but his body refuses to stay down.

Ahnaf forces himself to his feet, his muscles screaming from the pain. His healing factor kicks in again, but he's struggling to push through the overwhelming pressure from Khan. The storm above rages louder as if the heavens themselves are echoing the fury of their clash.

Ahnaf: "You won't stop me, Khan!"

Khan: "I already have."

With frightening speed, Khan appears in front of him, a blur of motion that catches Ahnaf off guard. Khan lands a brutal punch square into Ahnaf's chest, the force of it sending him careening through a row of stacked crates. The crates explode upon impact, shards of wood and metal flying in every direction.

Ahnaf stumbles out of the wreckage, his heart pounding in his chest. His body is battered, bruised, but he's still standing. Barely. His wounds continue to heal, but they can't keep up with the punishment Khan is dealing.

Ahnaf: "I... will not... back down..."

But Khan's eyes gleam with cold, calculating detachment. With a slow, measured pace, he walks toward Ahnaf, who's now struggling to stay upright. His movements are effortless, almost casual, as though he's not even expending any energy.

Ahnaf: "I'm... not finished yet--"

Before he can complete the thought, Khan moves in again. He grabs Ahnaf by the shoulders and slams him face-first into the concrete with such force that it cracks beneath them. Ahnaf's body crumples against the ground, the healing factor scrambling to fix the damage, but it's too much. Too fast.

Ahnaf: "No... this can't be..."

With lightning speed, Khan hauls him back up, lifting him high into the air. Ahnaf struggles, but his strength is waning, his mind clouded with the intense pain coursing through him. Khan's hand tightens around his neck, his fingers pressing harder until Ahnaf can barely breathe. Khan stares into his eyes, his face unmoved.

Khan: "You're out of your league, Ahnaf."

The rain falls heavier, but the impact of the fight drowns it out. Every bone in Ahnaf's body screams in agony, yet he fights to stay conscious. His fist shoots up in a desperate attempt to strike back, but it's like hitting a brick wall. Khan's hand catches his punch without even flinching.

Ahnaf: "I'm... not done...!"

Khan's grip tightens, and with a swift motion, he tosses Ahnaf aside like a ragdoll. Ahnaf crashes into a rusted shipping container, the metal screeching as it buckles under the impact. He slides down the side, leaving a trail of bloodied streaks on the metal.

Khan: "I said I would not hold back, Ahnaf."

Ahnaf: "Dammit!" He grits his teeth, fury flashing in his eyes as his wounds heal. His breathing is ragged, his muscles straining, but his anger fuels him to keep going.

Khan: "Is that all the power you have? I thought you had enough time to prepare. Perhaps I was wrong."

Ahnaf: "Screw you!"

Khan tilts his head slightly, his expression cold, unbothered. He steps back with deliberate calm.

Khan: "Perhaps what Sentinel says on the news is right."

Ahnaf: "GGGgrrrrr!" His fists clench tighter, his whole body trembling with rage. The words sting like a thousand needles, but he can't let Khan see it. He won't.

Khan: "Perhaps you really are an adrenaline junkie."

The insult cuts deeper than anything physical. Ahnaf's whole body shudders with the need to strike back.

Khan: "Perhaps... you really... are... not... my... SON."

Ahnaf freezes, his fury eclipsed by the weight of Khan's words. For a split second, the world stops around him. His mind flashes to Kelly, to the people he's fighting for, and all the emotions-love, anger, betrayal-explode in his chest. He snaps, his body surging forward, a flash of speed as he charges at Khan.

Ahnaf: "I WILL NOT LOSE!"

He throws a punch, every bit of power he can muster behind it, but Khan dodges effortlessly, sidestepping with the grace of a predator. It's as if Ahnaf's punch never even existed.

Khan: "Perhaps you deserve what is happening to your precious city."

The words, cold as ice, rip through the air. Ahnaf's heart pounds in his chest as his anger pushes him even harder, but his movements are starting to slow. His power is being drained faster than he can keep up.

Ahnaf: "SHUT UP!"

He doesn't even hesitate this time. He swings his leg for a swift sidekick, aiming to catch Khan off guard. But Khan doesn't even break a sweat-he twists his body and avoids the attack with a mocking ease. It's like a dance, a slow, deliberate mocking of Ahnaf's every move.

Khan: "Perhaps it is right for you to lose the people you care about."

The words hit Ahnaf like a truck. His mind flashes again to Kelly's face, to her memory. Her loss is a deep wound, a raw, bleeding scar that Khan's words tear open again.

Ahnaf: "I WILL KILL YOU!"



His roar is primal, the fury of a man who has nothing left to lose. He charges again, the world around him a blur of destruction. But once again, Khan

moves with flawless precision. He steps aside, allowing Ahnaf to fly past him and slam into the dirt.

Ahnaf struggles to push himself up, his body battered but not broken. His vision is clouded by rage, but he's slipping, each move growing slower, more desperate.

Khan: "You can't even keep up, and yet you continue to struggle. How predictable."

Ahnaf grits his teeth, shaking with rage. He pushes off the ground again, eyes locked onto Khan, his muscles screaming in protest.

Ahnaf: "I won't stop! I won't let you destroy everything!"

Khan simply watches him, his gaze impassive, as though he's watching a futile struggle.

Khan: "You're pathetic."

Another attempt to strike, but once again, Khan effortlessly sidesteps. He doesn't need to dodge quickly; he doesn't need to do anything but wait for Ahnaf's next futile move. Ahnaf's attacks are becoming more disjointed, his anger clouding his judgment, his speed beginning to falter.

Khan: "I gave you a chance to prove yourself, but now... it's over."

With that, Khan reaches out and effortlessly grabs Ahnaf's arm mid-swing. He twists it sharply, sending a jolt of pain through Ahnaf's entire body, then slams him into the ground once more.

Ahnaf coughs, blood spilling from his mouth, but he forces himself to his knees, barely able to hold his form.

Khan: "You'll never win. You've already lost."

Ahnaf's vision blurs with pain and exhaustion, but even as the words sink in, something primal stirs within him. The fire within him burns hotter than ever, but it's a fire that's doomed to burn out.

Ahnaf: "I will NEVER give up!"

But Khan's voice is the final word, cold and unyielding.

Khan: "It's not about giving up, Ahnaf. It's about knowing your place."

Ahnaf: "THEN WHY ARE YOU DOING ALL THIS?!" His voice roars with desperation, but there's also a deep, painful confusion in it. "Maybe I'm not who you think I am, then why! Why did you burn the city?!"

Khan's expression remains as cold as ever, his eyes unwavering as he gazes down at Ahnaf, his stance unbothered by the fury that rages before him. He tilts his head, as though the question were nothing more than a slight annoyance.

Khan: "Do you know... I have enough power to level this entire city right now with a single stomp? Do you think I need these underhanded tactics to plant explosives to do this?!"

Ahnaf stares at him, his breathing heavy, his mind racing. The words don't make sense. What was Khan truly after? His heart pounds as the weight of those words settles in.

Ahnaf: "Huh?"

Khan steps forward, his presence overwhelming. His voice is almost a whisper, but it carries with the weight of years of conviction, a truth Ahnaf was blind to.

Khan: "I'm here for you, because I said I would be here. The explosion... it's someone else's doing."

Ahnaf's confusion deepens, but there's no time for further questions. The storm around them intensifies, but in the silence between Khan's words, everything seems to stand still. The rain, the broken remnants of the docks, even the wind-it all pauses, as if bracing for the inevitable.

Ahnaf: "Then why?!" His voice cracks with the pain of not understanding. "Why don't you leave me alone? Why me?"

For the first time, Khan's face shifts. His eyes darken, and his expression hardens with an emotion that Ahnaf can't quite decipher. He raises his hand slowly, the gesture chillingly deliberate. The air around them thickens with raw power, a crackling energy that vibrates through the very earth beneath them.

Khan: "Because I believed in you."



The words hang in the air, sharp and bitter. The intensity of Khan's power surges, filling the entire area like a storm on the brink of destruction. His hand hovers, poised to strike. His entire form radiates a strength so pure, so destructive, that it feels as though the world is holding its breath.

Khan: "And unfortunately..."

Ahnaf's heart pounds as the storm of energy around them grows, the air itself trembling in anticipation. Khan's eyes narrow, locking onto Ahnaf with an intensity that cuts through his every thought.

Khan: "...You wasted my time."

And with that, his hand comes crashing down.

Time seems to slow. The world around Ahnaf blurs, and for a brief, terrifying moment, he sees everything. The fine details of the rain falling around them, the way the ground trembles with Khan's approaching strike. He can feel the weight of his own heartbeat in his chest, louder than ever before.

Ahnaf's mind flashes back-flashes of Kelly, of the city, of everything he fought for. And then, it comes to him, a single, desperate thought.

His hand moves instinctively, fingers locking into position as power surges through him, gathering like a thunderstorm ready to explode. His body tenses, every fiber of his being pushed to its limit as he braces for the oncoming impact.

Khan's hand falls, a thunderous force that could annihilate everything in its path. The earth beneath them groans in protest, the very air itself seems to crack and shudder as it bears down on Ahnaf.

And then...

BOOM!



The world erupts in a blinding explosion of pink energy. It's like nothing Ahnaf has ever felt-like the very air itself is ripped apart. The shockwave radiates out from the point of impact, the force of the blast so intense that it sends both Ahnaf and Khan flying in opposite directions. The ground cracks, the docks tremble, and the world seems to shatter under the sheer force of the collision.

Ahnaf is thrown through the air, his body crashing into the ruins of a nearby warehouse, splintering wood and metal as his back slams against the debris. He coughs, blood trickling from his mouth, but the power of the blast-the energy contained in that brief moment of desperate retaliation-has saved him.

The dust began to settle, and Ahnaf, bloodied and bruised, slowly stood up. His body ached, his vision blurred, but he could feel the surge of energy within him-the remnants of the Nexus Charge still coursing through him, fueling his will to keep moving.

As the dust cleared, he saw a distant silhouette-another figure standing amid the debris, a glimmering pink light stuck somewhere in its arm, faintly glowing. His eyes narrowed as the shape came into focus.

It was Khan.

But this time... it was different.

For the first time, Ahnaf saw Khan's eyes-bloodshot with fury, the coldness replaced by something darker, something raw. Pain. It was a brief flicker, but it was there. The sight of the Nexus Charge Crystal, lodged into Khan's arm, pulsed with strange energy that radiated in waves.

Khan: "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!"



Ahnaf's mind raced. He couldn't believe it. The crystal... it had worked. The fight had shifted, but he didn't have time to fully process it. Khan was more

vulnerable now-he had to seize the moment. Without hesitation, Ahnaf's muscles rippled, and he pushed himself forward, charging toward Khan with renewed fury.

Ahnaf: "Huh... shit, it actually worked."

Khan's eyes locked onto Ahnaf's, and his expression twisted with a mixture of rage and disbelief. He shouted, fury coursing through him as he lunged forward, a primal snarl escaping his lips.

Khan: "DAMN YOU!"

Ahnaf met him head-on, the two titans colliding with the force of crashing storms. The ground beneath them trembled, the air crackling with the raw energy they unleashed in their blows. This time, however, the fight felt different. There was something unspoken in the air-something shifting.

Ahnaf swung with everything he had, each punch echoing with the weight of his frustration, his fury, his fear. His fists crashed against Khan's chest, and for the first time in this battle, Khan was pushed back. The air around them buzzed with the force of the impact, but it wasn't just Ahnaf's fury this time-it was something more. Khan's own movements were slower, less precise than before.

Khan staggered back, glaring at Ahnaf with clenched teeth.

Khan: "You think you can defeat me? I'm still-"

But before Khan could finish, Ahnaf was already on him again, slamming a knee into Khan's gut. The sound of the blow was sharp, reverberating through the air. Khan winced, something in his form flickering-a subtle shift. The power in his strikes seemed diminished, his motions more sluggish, as if the immense strength he once commanded had been torn away from him.

Khan took a step back, breathing heavily, his eyes filled with a silent rage that boiled just beneath the surface. For a brief second, it seemed like he was on the verge of something... something uncontrollable. But then, that pain, that vulnerability, lingered just a moment too long.

Ahnaf: "You're not the same anymore. You feel it, don't you? I'm not done yet!"

With a snarl, Khan lashed out, his fist slicing through the air. But Ahnaf anticipated the move, his body moving like a blur, narrowly dodging Khan's strike. The ground beneath them splintered as Khan's fist met the earth with a devastating crash, a shockwave rippling through the area.

Ahnaf: "I'm not done-YOU'RE DONE!"

He charged again, this time using his full force, his power amplified with the Code Breaker state. His fists hammered down on Khan with relentless force, each blow striking like thunder. Khan staggered, trying to block, trying to fight back, but his movements were slow, his strikes weaker. The shift was undeniable now.

Ahnaf: "C'mon, Khan. What happened to all that power?"

Khan's eyes blazed with fury, but the strain on his face was evident now. His once confident posture was gone, replaced by the subtle, painful hesitation in his every move. His arm, still glowing from the Nexus Charge, seemed to be dragging him down, the weight of the crystal too much to bear.

Khan: "This... this is unacceptable!"

He roared, unleashing a flurry of strikes, but Ahnaf moved faster, countering each one with precision. Their bodies collided, energy crackling in the air with every punch, every kick, but it was clear-the fight was no longer one-sided.

Ahnaf: "You've had your time, Khan. It's over."

Khan's face contorted with rage, his chest heaving with the effort to keep up. He threw a punch, but Ahnaf was already gone-vanishing into a blur, only to reappear in front of Khan, delivering an earth-shattering blow to his side. The impact sent Khan crashing into a nearby support beam, the metal crumpling under the force.

Khan's eyes flickered, his movements sluggish. He pushed himself up, but the pain was evident. His arm, still burning with the Nexus Charge, struggled to keep up with the damage.

Ahnaf: "What's the matter? Losing your edge, Khan?"

Khan's face twisted with frustration, but beneath it, there was something else. Something weaker. He had fought with the full force of his being for so long, but now, he was matching Ahnaf strike for strike, each blow less powerful than the one before.

The realization hit Ahnaf like a freight train-the Nexus Charge had tipped the scales. Khan was no longer the unbeatable force he once was. He was... equal.

Ahnaf clenched his fists, his determination surging. There was no backing down now.

For a while, they seemed equal, their punches landing with equal ferocity, each of them reeling and recovering just as fast as the other. But the tide was slowly turning.

Khan's movements began to change-becoming more precise, more calculated. He adapted to Ahnaf's attack patterns, dodging more and more of Ahnaf's punches with a fluidity that sent a chill through Ahnaf's spine.

Ahnaf: "What is-"

Before he could finish his sentence, Khan sprang forward with incredible speed, delivering a devastating jump-kick that slammed into Ahnaf's chest. The force sent Ahnaf flying, crashing into nearby debris, his body skidding along the cracked pavement. Pain exploded in his chest, but before he could gather his bearings, the realization hit him like a ton of bricks.

Ahnaf: "No... no, this can't be! He's adapting!"

Khan was charging forward again, his smile twisted with cold confidence as he closed the distance between them.

Khan: "Still a fool! This is an unending fight! You keep-"

Khan's punch hit like a freight train, sending Ahnaf spiraling backward once more, his body hitting the ground with bone-rattling force. Khan didn't give him any space to breathe. He was relentless, his power and speed growing more efficient with every passing moment.

Khan: "Healing and I-"

Ahnaf pushed himself off the ground, his fists clenched, the weight of the situation settling in. He couldn't allow Khan to regain control. In a burst of renewed determination, Ahnaf charged forward, his fist aimed straight for Khan's jaw. The impact was forceful, and Khan was blasted upward, his feet leaving the ground. But Khan recovered in midair, landing smoothly back on his feet with a wicked smile.

Khan: "And I keep healing."

Khan's words were as cold as his smile, his eyes gleaming with the thrill of the fight. He was enjoying this—pushing Ahnaf further and further, knowing that no matter what Ahnaf did, he would only keep getting stronger.

Ahnaf, fueled by desperation, jumped high into the air, his fist aimed to land another crushing blow. But Khan was ready. With a brutal swiftness, Khan blocked the punch, catching Ahnaf's fist in his powerful grip.

Khan: "And when I keep healing..."

Without warning, Khan twisted Ahnaf's arm, slamming him down with enough force to crack the earth beneath them. Ahnaf gasped, his ribs aching as the world spun around him.

Khan: "I keep adapting. You will never beat me!"

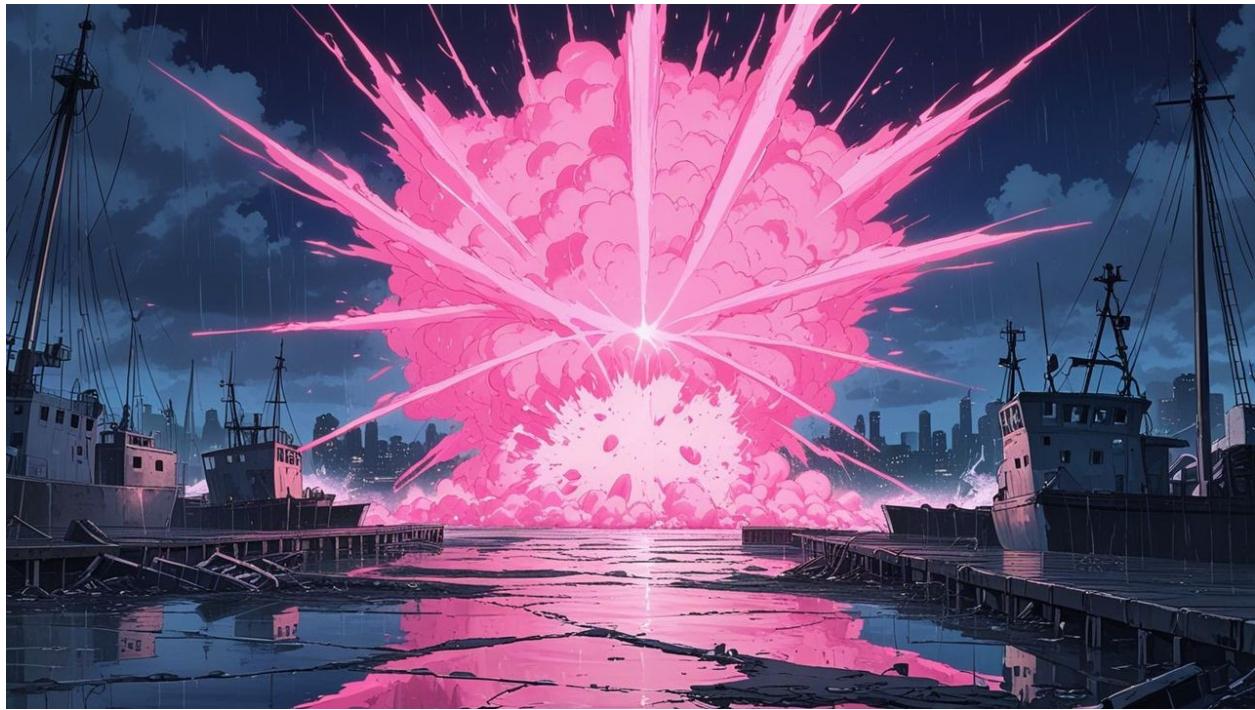
Ahnaf struggled to rise, but Khan was faster, his grip tightening around Ahnaf's neck as he lifted him off the ground. For the first time, Ahnaf felt the full weight of Khan's power bearing down on him, suffocating him with each passing second.

Khan: "To think you would stoop to such underhanded tactics. But no worries. The more this goes on, the better."

Khan pulled Ahnaf closer, his face inches from Ahnaf's, his breath hot with disdain.

Khan: "After all, this is just tempo—"

BOOM!



Suddenly, a surge of pink energy exploded from Khan's side, a flash of power that sent both of them flying through the air. The shockwave from the blast shattered nearby structures, the force sending them both tumbling through the wreckage.

The explosion of pink energy was the catalyst for a sudden change in the fight. The ground trembled beneath them, shattered buildings and debris scattering in all directions. As the dust settled, Ahnaf quickly pushed himself up, every fiber of his being screaming in pain, but his body already healing at a staggering rate. He was no longer concerned with his wounds, his focus was entirely on Khan.

Ahnaf: "FOR YOU, THIS IS PERMANENT!"

With a roar of fury, Ahnaf charged toward Khan, whose body was still struggling to rise from the wreckage. Khan's movements were slow, his strength already waning. Ahnaf's speed made him a blur, and in an instant, he launched himself at Khan, his leg connecting with Khan's torso in a brutal, full-force kick. Khan was sent flying through the air, crashing into the remains of a nearby structure.

Khan: "Wha... wha?"

The sound of bones cracking and the metallic groan of the collapsed building was all that followed Khan's disoriented grunts. He slammed into the ground with bone-shattering force. Blood was dripping from his nose, staining his cloak, his wounds deep and unhealed. As he began to move, Khan tapped his side, his fingers brushing against something sharp. The light gleamed off the surface of a Nexus Charged Crystal embedded in his side.

Khan: "My... my wounds!"

Ahnaf stood, his chest rising and falling as he caught his breath. His eyes blazed with a fiery intensity, and his voice was thick with triumph.

Ahnaf: "This is your doom, Khan! While you were busy shoving me down, I was holding the next crystal in my hand, making sure you couldn't see."

Khan's expression shifted from shock to utter disbelief. The healing that had always kept him one step ahead was now a mere memory, leaving him weak and vulnerable.

Ahnaf: "That's the crazy part, isn't it? You're not healing."

Khan's breathing was ragged as he tried to push himself off the ground. His body was a wreck, his face twisted in frustration.

Khan: "No... NO! That's impossible!"

Ahnaf's face contorted with rage. His body surged with energy, and with lightning speed, he charged toward Khan, throwing a massive uppercut to his chest. The impact sent Khan crashing back, his body rolling through the broken pavement as he struggled to catch his breath.

Ahnaf: "That's because the crystal can destroy your immune system on a molecular level!"

Khan's eyes flashed with fury as he tried to regain his footing, his hands shaking from the damage. His once-imposing form was now battered, bloodied, and on the brink of collapse. He was running out of time, but he wasn't going down without a fight.

Khan: "Then... I would finish you before any further damage can be done!"

With a guttural growl, Khan surged forward, his strength pushing him to his feet, despite the intense pain wracking his body. Ahnaf could see the

desperation in his eyes, but it didn't matter. He wasn't going to let Khan take control again. The two locked eyes, and in that moment, it was clear-there was no going back.

Ahnaf: "You can try, but you will fail!"

Khan's fists clenched, his face contorting with rage. He roared in anger and swung with all his remaining strength, the blow sending a shockwave through the air. Ahnaf dodged it with ease, countering with a brutal kick to Khan's side. Khan stumbled back, gasping for air, his body failing him.

Khan: "YOU ARE A COWARD!"

Ahnaf's eyes ignited with a fury that surged from deep within him, his body trembling with the weight of his own wrath. The words struck at him, like an unrelenting tide, awakening something primal inside him-a fire that refused to be extinguished.

Ahnaf: "No, I'm not!"

Khan's growl reverberated through the storm, a sound of pure disdain, his teeth bared like a king scorned. His presence was formidable, a storm of his own making, fierce and unyielding.

Khan: "You take away my strength! My healing, my adaptation! I believed you would face me as an equal, with honor!"

Ahnaf deftly evaded Khan's crushing blow, rolling under his arm with the swiftness of a shadow. The earth beneath him trembled, but Ahnaf's gaze never wavered from Khan. The fire in his heart only grew brighter.

Ahnaf: "I still am!"

Khan's expression darkened, a shadow crossing his otherwise majestic demeanor. His eyes burned with a fierce, primal rage, and for the first time, a flicker of raw emotion crossed his usually composed face. He surged forward again, his every move precise and lethal, as though he were the embodiment of a force beyond human reckoning. His fist moved with the weight of an unstoppable tide, crashing toward Ahnaf with the fury of a king wronged.

Khan: "No, you are not. You are not strong enough!"

Ahnaf clenched his fists, each blow from Khan reverberating in his body. Pain, fatigue, exhaustion-they all seemed to fade in the face of his burning resolve. He would not yield. Not now, not ever.

Khan's voice was low and venomous as his blows rained down, his power radiating like a storm, each strike a declaration of his unchallenged supremacy.

Khan: "You are using cheap tricks to make it possible!"

Ahnaf's body was battered, bruised, but his spirit remained unbroken. With a guttural roar, he retaliated, landing a crushing blow to Khan's chest. The earth beneath them cracked as the shockwave of the punch rippled outward. Khan staggered for the briefest moment, but his eyes remained as cold and calculating as ever.

Ahnaf: "If everything was possible with pure strength, then none of us would be here!"



Khan faltered for the smallest fraction of a second, but the smile that graced his lips was cruel, a gesture born of both disdain and admiration. His form seemed to shimmer with a regal intensity as he straightened, the very air around him vibrating with the power he had yet to unleash.

The rain hammered down with an unrelenting fury, the drops mixing with the sweat and blood that coated Ahnaf's body. His every breath was labored, but still, his healing factor pushed him forward. Each strike, each punch, was met with a quick recovery, his body mending before the next blow even landed.

The pain, the exhaustion-none of it seemed to matter. He was fueled by a single, burning purpose: to defeat Khan.

Ahnaf launched himself forward again, his fist crashing into Khan's side with a thunderous impact. Khan grunted, staggering back, but his face remained resolute, unyielding. The battle had been long, the two warriors trading blow for blow, each matching the other in strength and ferocity. But where Ahnaf healed instantly, Khan began to slow, his wounds deepening, his body failing to recover as it once had.

Khan's breath was shallow, his movements slower than before. He stumbled for the first time in the fight, his grip weakening as Ahnaf continued his assault.

Ahnaf: "You can't keep up anymore, Khan! You're fading!"

Khan's eyes burned with fury as he glared at Ahnaf, but his voice was strained, his words coming through gritted teeth.

Khan: "This battle is far from over, boy!"

With a powerful roar, Khan swung his fist toward Ahnaf, but it lacked the same speed, the same precision as before. Ahnaf easily sidestepped, using Khan's momentum against him. He seized the moment and hammered an uppercut into Khan's jaw, sending him flying back into the mud.

But as Khan hit the ground, something strange happened. The glowing pink crystal embedded in his side-once pulsing with an unholy energy-suddenly stopped glowing. For a brief moment, it hung there, lifeless, before it dropped to the ground with a soft thud, its light extinguished.

Ahnaf paused, his chest heaving as he watched the crystal fall. He could feel the shift in the air, the sense that something had changed.

Ahnaf: "What the hell?"

But before he could fully comprehend the change, Khan slowly rose to his feet, a dangerous glint in his eyes. His body-once battered and broken-began to stir, the effects of the crystal's power retreating like a tide pulling back into the ocean. His wounds, once raw and deep, started to close, his body slowly regaining its former strength, though not entirely.

Khan's hands clenched into fists, his muscles tightening, and he took a slow, steady breath. The aura around him-while not as intense as it had been before-had returned, a renewed power thrumming beneath his skin.

Khan: "You've pushed me to the edge, boy. But I am far from finished!"

Ahnaf's expression darkened, his eyes narrowing in frustration. He hadn't expected this, not after everything that had happened. The glow of the crystal was gone, but Khan was still standing, his will unbroken. And now, with each passing second, his strength was coming back.

Ahnaf: "You think this makes a difference? I won't let you win!"

Khan smirked but exhaustion was evident in him, his teeth bared, as he slowly advanced toward Ahnaf, each step like a predator stalking its prey.

Khan: "You have underestimated me from the beginning, Ahnaf."

The atmosphere around them was thick with tension, as if the entire world held its breath. The storm above them churned violently, lightning flashing in the distance, illuminating the battle-worn landscape. Ahnaf's body was battered, covered in cuts and bruises, but his spirit was unbroken. He could feel the weight of the situation bearing down on him. Khan was regaining his strength-his healing factor, even without the Nexus crystal's glow, was still formidable. Ahnaf knew that if this fight continued much longer, Khan would recover fully, and all his effort would be for nothing.

There was no more time for hesitation.

Ahnaf's eyes flicked to the nearby lamp post, its metal frame standing strong despite the chaos around it. His mind raced. He had to make this count. He had to strike with everything he had left.

Without a second thought, Ahnaf surged forward, grabbing the heavy lamp post. His muscles strained with the effort as he hoisted it into the air, using the weight as a weapon, and swung it with a brutal, unrelenting force toward Khan. The pole crashed into Khan's side with a sickening *crack*, the metal digging into his flesh, sending him staggering back, his once-mighty frame wobbling.

Just then Ahnaf threw the the last Nexus Charged Crystal towards Khan with Intense speed.

Khan's eyes burned with fury, and he growled in pain, but he didn't falter. He reached up with lightning speed, grabbing the final Crystal that Ahnaf had thrown with precision. He held it tightly near his chest, attempting to block the shard's force with his grip. The glowing pink crystal pulsed ominously in his hands, but there was something desperate in his expression now, something... uncertain.

Khan: "Won't work th-"



But before he could finish his sentence, Ahnaf's muscles tensed, and with a feral yell, he pushed harder, forcing the lamp post towards into Khan's chest. The two were locked in a brutal contest of will. Khan's hand tightened around the Nexus shard, desperately trying to hold it in place, to stop the lamp post from driving deeper. His body shook with the effort, but Ahnaf wasn't backing down. He pushed harder, his feet digging into the cracked earth as he tried to force the pole through Khan's defenses.

The air around them seemed to tremble from the sheer intensity of the growl that rumbled from Khan's throat. His muscles bulged with exertion, veins popping as he fought against the unstoppable force of Ahnaf's assault. He roared in frustration as the pole inched further into his chest, the shard in his hand shaking violently.

Ahnaf's scream was a battle cry, a declaration of everything he had left. His body trembled with the force of the struggle, but he would not stop. Every muscle in his body screamed as he pushed, the tip of the pole grinding deeper into Khan's chest. The pain in his arms was excruciating, but his will was unyielding. This was the moment. This was the end.

Khan: "RRRRRAAAAAAHHHH!!!"



Khan's roar tore through the air, raw and primal, the sound of a beast fighting for its life. His hand quivered around the Nexus shard, trying to summon its power, to stop the inevitable. But it was slipping. Ahnaf was too strong, too determined.

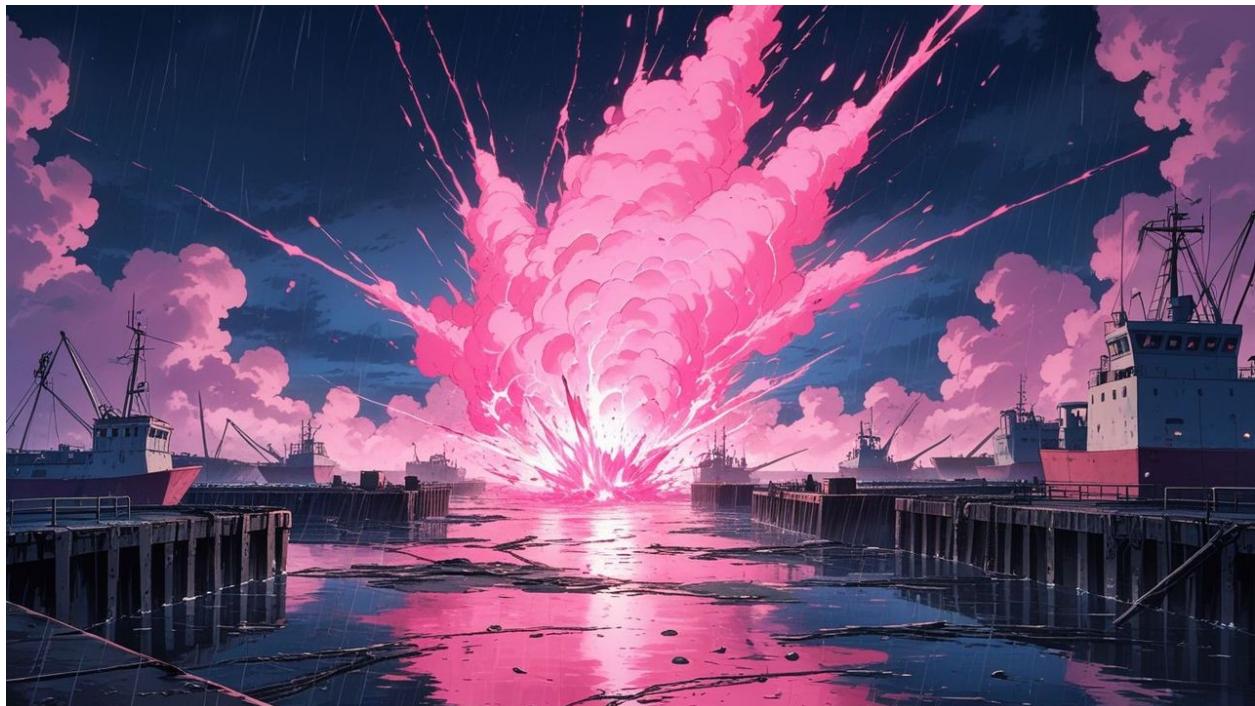
Ahnaf: *"THIS ENDS NOW, KHAN!!!"*

With a savage growl, Ahnaf's fist collided with the back of the lamp post. The impact sent shockwaves through the battlefield, shaking the ground beneath their feet. Khan's body jolted as the metal post exploded through his

defenses. The sound of tearing flesh and splintering bone echoed through the air as the pole pierced Khan's chest, the Nexus shard now forced into him by the sheer force of Ahnaf's final strike.

The world seemed to slow as the pole drove deeper, forcing the crystal into Khan's chest. The shard flickered once, twice, and then-

BOOM!



The Nexus crystal shattered in an explosion of pink light so bright it swallowed everything in its path. The shockwave that followed was devastating. The air itself cracked, and the ground split open as the blast reverberated through the landscape. Buildings collapsed, trees were uprooted, and the sky seemed to fracture from the force. The energy from the explosion was relentless, a furious wave of destruction that consumed everything around them.

For a moment, nothing existed but the blinding light, the roar of the blast, and the violent tremors that shook the world itself.

And then, silence.

The air hung thick with the remnants of the explosion, and the soft pink fog seemed to slowly dissipate, leaving only the quiet sound of Khan's labored

breathing. Ahnaf stood tall, his body aching but his will unwavering, his eyes scanning the area for any sign of movement.

As the fog cleared, he saw Khan, battered and broken, laid by the edge of the river, his chest marked with a deep gash. The storm had ceased, but the silence between them was deafening.



Ahnaf: "Khan..." His voice was steady but filled with remorse, as he slowly walked toward the fallen figure.

Khan looked up, his eyes fiery with arrogance, though his breathing was ragged.

Khan: "You... You did it, boy." He chuckled weakly, his voice strained. "Cheap tricks, but still... you did it."

Ahnaf's expression hardened as he stopped just a few feet away from him.

Ahnaf: "Why? Why go so far for me...?"

Khan's smile was a sad, almost pitying one as he lifted his head, the fire of arrogance still burning, though weaker now.

Khan: "Because... because you are my son." He breathed heavily, wincing from the pain. "You're meant for greatness. Unlike these mortals..."

Ahnaf's eyes flickered with disbelief.

Ahnaf: "How can you say that? How do you know?"

Khan let out a dry chuckle, his head tilting back slightly as if recalling distant memories.

Khan: "You have everything that I have... and more. You just haven't discovered it yet."

Ahnaf: "You wanted to kill my parents, my friends... my Kelly."

Khan's face twisted into something almost regretful, though his words remained cold.

Khan: "They are nothing but insects, standing in the way of the path you are destined to take."

Ahnaf's fists clenched, his voice rising with emotion as his eyes burned with intensity.

Ahnaf: "You don't get to lecture me about my people! About my family... my planet! They're the reason I am what I am!"

Khan smirked, the pain in his chest clearly wearing him down, but he still had the audacity to stand tall in the face of his defeat.

Khan: "And you... you're a weakling. If I had been there for you... I would have molded you... prepared you. But alas... I'm too late."

Ahnaf's voice cracked with anger, but it was tinged with sorrow as well.

Ahnaf: "Late for what?!"

Khan's eyes softened for a brief moment, his tone quieter now, more reflective.

Khan: "Love... Huh. A beautiful concept."

Ahnaf's anger wavered, replaced by deep regret, as he took another step toward Khan. His hands shook, his voice breaking.

Ahnaf: "I never wanted to hurt you. I wanted to know who I was... but not like this, not this way."

Khan gave him a bitter smile, though the light in his eyes was dimming.

Khan: "It was never about what you wanted. It was always about what you needed to become." He paused, his breath ragged, and his voice barely above a whisper. "I knew from the start... you were destined for more than this world."

Ahnaf swallowed hard, his heart heavy with a grief he didn't know how to process.

Ahnaf: "You were supposed to be my father, Khan. You were supposed to guide me, not... not destroy everything I love."

Khan's face twisted in frustration, his final burst of defiance surfacing in a low growl.

Khan: "I did what I thought was necessary! You can't even see it, can you? You think love will save you, but it will only drag you down. You are bound to inherit the same fate as the rest of them."

Ahnaf: "Maybe. But it's my fate to decide now, not yours."

Khan's eyes fluttered, the fire in them flickering as his energy drained away. His chest heaved in slow, painful breaths.

Khan: "You are wrong... boy... but... maybe..." His words slowed, the arrogance leaving him as his consciousness faded. "Maybe you'll succeed where... we... failed..."

His body went limp, his eyes closing as the last vestiges of life left him.

Ahnaf stood frozen, his heart sinking into his chest as Khan's eyes closed for the final time. His body trembled, the shock of the moment overwhelming him. The pink fog around them began to lift, but the weight in his chest felt unbearable. He couldn't move, couldn't breathe.

Ahnaf: "No... no, no, no!" His voice broke, his breath coming in ragged gasps. He fell to his knees beside Khan, his hands shaking as he reached out, touching his shoulder, as if hoping to feel something-anything-that would tell him this wasn't real.

Ahnaf: "No! You can't be gone like this... You... you said I was meant for something greater... Please... tell me about it. Tell me what you meant."

Tears welled in his eyes, blurring his vision. He shook his head desperately, as if trying to force reality to change, to give him the answers he needed. The anger that had fueled him throughout the battle was gone now, replaced by an aching emptiness he didn't know how to fill.

Ahnaf: "You were supposed to be my father! You were supposed to show me... guide me... not leave me like this!"

He gripped Khan's arm, his fingers tight as if holding on to the last shred of something-anything-that could bring him peace. His body shuddered with the force of his grief, and he let out a choked sob, his chest aching with the weight of everything he had just lost.

Ahnaf: "Why didn't you... Why didn't you just teach me? Why didn't you help me see... I didn't want this. I didn't want this to end like this."

Ahnaf trembled, his grief and confusion overwhelming him. His voice cracked as he continued, as though each question was a desperate plea for answers that would never come.

Ahnaf: "What happened to my world, Khan?" His voice broke on the words, barely above a whisper, as though he feared the answer. "The place I came from... what happened to it? What happened to *my* people?"

His hands clenched into fists, his nails digging into his palms as if he could force the truth out of the silence. The fog around him was thinning, but it felt like the fog inside him only deepened.

Ahnaf: "What about my mother?" His voice shook with the weight of the question. "You said I have everything you have... But what happened to her? Was she part of this too?"

His breath hitched as he leaned forward, his forehead resting against Khan's cold, unmoving body.

Ahnaf: "Was she taken? Or did she just... disappear like the rest? Was she even real?"

Tears streamed down his face now, his heart breaking not just for Khan, but for the mystery of his past-his origins. His whole life had been a lie, a veil of darkness he'd only begun to uncover, and now he had no one left to answer the questions that haunted him.

Ahnaf: "Why didn't you ever tell me? Why did you leave me with nothing but this anger, this... confusion?!"

He shook his head, unable to stop the flow of tears, his sobs coming harder now.

Ahnaf: "I wanted to know... I wanted to understand. I thought... I thought I had time... I thought you would tell me everything."

He gripped Khan's lifeless body, his voice trembling as he whispered his final question, almost afraid to ask it, but needing to hear it.

Ahnaf: "Was I ever... was I ever truly your son? Or was I just another tool for your plans?"

His chest heaved with each sob, each question pushing him closer to the edge of despair. The man who was supposed to be his father, the one who promised him greatness, was now gone, and with him, all the answers that Ahnaf had hoped for.

The silence around him grew deafening, the only sound the echo of his own pain and regret.



Ahnaf's feet slowed, his body heavy with exhaustion and grief. The air around him felt thick with silence as he walked away, the weight of the battle still pressing down on his shoulders. The first hints of dawn broke through the clouds, casting a pale light across the shattered landscape, but it did little to ease the storm inside him.

Then, it came.

A tremor in the air, so faint at first, but undeniable. A shift in the atmosphere, as if the world itself was holding its breath. The primal fear

crawled up his spine, spreading through him like wildfire. His instincts screamed at him to run, to do anything-but he couldn't. He was frozen in place, trapped by the rising dread.

Ahnaf turned slowly, dread seizing his chest as time itself seemed to stretch, like the world had slowed down to torment him. In front of him, Khan stood-alive, whole, and more terrifying than ever.

There was no sign of the wounds from before. His skin was flawless, his body towering with that same unnerving power. His eyes burned with malevolent fury, and his hands-huge and powerful-rose toward Ahnaf with an unrelenting force. The air crackled with the impending destruction.

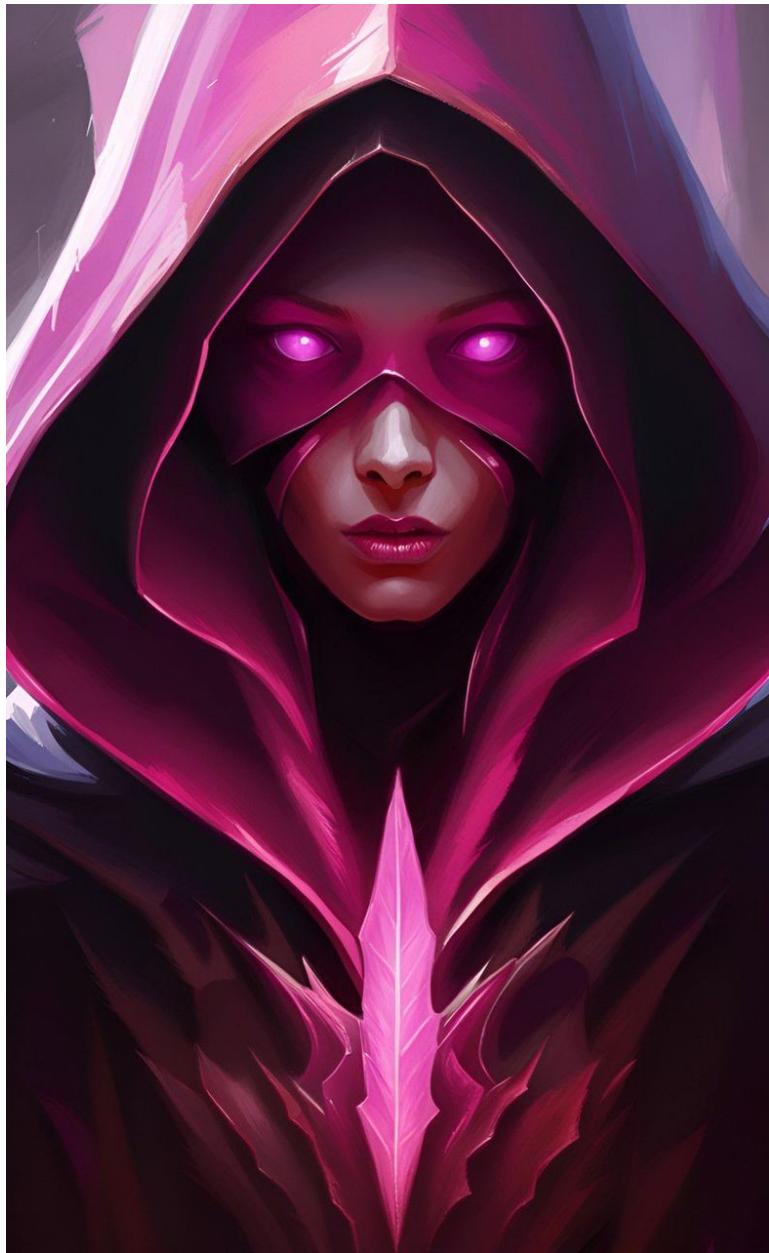
Ahnaf's heart pounded in his chest, but his body didn't move. He couldn't even think, his mind blank with shock.

In an instant, Khan's massive hands descended, a force of nature intent on crushing him. But the blow never came.

A flash of pink light-brilliant and blinding-shot out beside him, cutting through the air like a blade. It shattered the tension in the air and split the scene before him into chaos.

Ahnaf's eyes widened, desperate for an answer, but there was no time to process what had happened. The hit wasn't coming from behind-there was no strike. No attack from the rear.

Instead, in front of him, emerging from the fog of pink light, stood a figure. A woman-hooded, her form silhouetted against the ethereal glow. Her eyes glowed a vibrant, unsettling pink, piercing through the mist as though she could see into the very soul of him.



It was her-the same woman who had haunted his dreams, who had appeared at the edge of his vision. Her presence now felt more real than anything he had experienced.

She stared at him, her expression unreadable, as the world around them began to warp, the edges of reality bleeding into the pink hue. The light pulsed around her, around them, as if it was alive, twisting, expanding.

And then the world around Ahnaf collapsed into that same pink light, swallowing everything-his pain, his grief, his questions. The moment

stretched into eternity as everything he thought he knew shattered like glass.

The pink light consumed him entirely.

And then-emptiness.

